

THE PRA BUDDHA BHARATA OR THE AWAKENED INDIA

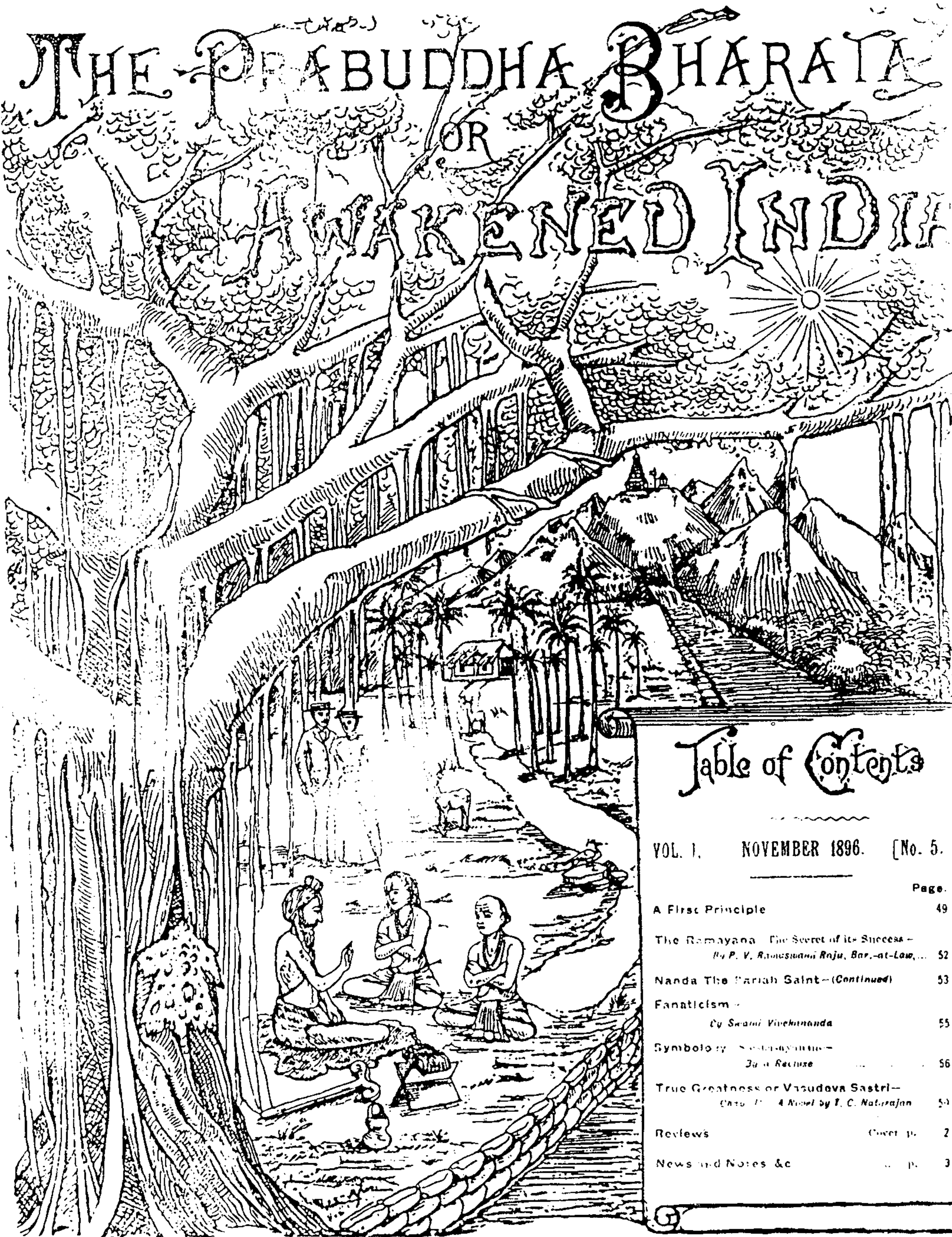


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Reviews.

Lucifer.—A Theosophical Monthly Journal edited by Mrs. Annie Besant and Mr. G. R. S. Mead. We have received a copy of the above for August 1896. Apart from its technical articles, there is one entitled "Letters to a Catholic priest—No. III," which our friends of the "Harvest Field" and "Sophia" will do well to read, besides an able article named "The unity underlying all religions" concluded by Mrs. Besant, a reminiscence of the Conjuror Cagliostro, and "An important letter" from an apparently mysterious source, in which it is observed that the Theosophical Society might rather perish "with both its hapless founders than that it should be permitted to become no better than an academy of magic and a hall of occultism." Even the *Lucifer* might follow the remark with advantage, as it contains an extra dose of occultism, and some of its mysterious articles may well be omitted and their place taken up by interesting and able articles on philosophy. Even its interpretation of "Sesha-sayana" is not the highest. It is remarked in the above letter, "The true religion and philosophy offer the solution of every problem. That the world is in such a bad condition morally is a conclusive evidence that none of its religions and philosophies, those of the civilized nations less than any other, has ever possessed the truth. The right and logical explanations on the subject of the problems of the great dual principles, right and wrong, good and evil, liberty and despotism, pain and pleasure egotism and altruism, are as impossible to them now as they were 1886 years ago, &c." In spite of the mystery that enshrouds the authorship of the letter, we cannot help observing that the dissatisfaction here so clearly expressed argues a rather imperfect understanding of the "law of Karma." The world as a whole was never better. As Swami Vivekānanda so graphically put it, it is a veritable dog's tail whose curliness can never be mended. It is simply a field for exercise, a gymnasium of souls so to speak, where we have to train ourselves and get better. As Schopenhauer put it the world is a penal colony where we have to suffer our Karma and acquire our freedom, enabling others also at the same time to obtain theirs. There is at all times in it civilization on one side, barbarism on the other; one nation is materialistic, another philosophical, a third political. In every age Dharmaputras and Duryodanas, Rāmas and Rāvanas, Krishnas, and Kamsas, Vibhishanas and Kumbhakarnas, have lived side by side with each other, and the memories of a glorious past and the prospects of a future millennium have been held out for the satisfaction of the easily depressed, ignorant minds, of which we have always an abundance in this world. The world may be compared to a river in which as the tides flow into the sea at one end, they are springing out at another. Any attempt at establishing a new philosophy even if it be styled "Theosophy"—as a panacea for the ills of life, can possibly fare no better than the systems that are already in existence. Another curious remark in the same letter, deserves a passing notice:—"And it is expected to allow the Theosophical Society to drop its noblest we the humble disciples of these perfect Lamas who are title that of Brotherhood of Humanity, to become a simple school of philosophy!" Such a remark would be natural in the mouth of a Christian Missionary, but it comes with surprise from a Theosophist. Vedantism is incapable of any form of the spiritual selfishness and the numerous lists of emancipated souls (*Guru paramparas*) from Narada's time, and even before are proof that its philanthropy is the most effective though the least noisy. Some strange theories put forward in an article "Occultism in English poetry" conclude an altogether interesting number.

The Land-Mark of Ethics according to the Gita by Buloram Mullick, B.A. The title rather is misleading for nowhere is any attempt made to bring out the real ethics of the Vedānta philosophy. This pamphlet of 33 pages is an outline of the Gita with few comments. There are some interesting remarks, as, "Why should God be like the Arab Clan-chief darting anger and fire through His eyes and hurling down thunder from on high to kill miserable humanity with fear! Let us sit beside Him Arjuna-like, behold Him as a friend, and learn to despise the relative unreal, and love the abso-

lute as the sole cause of deliverance." The doctrine of incarnation and "Visvarūpa" are not satisfactorily explained.

Sadhana-Chathushthaya, a lecture by R. Jagannathiah, F.T.S.—The lecture is on the whole interesting, though there are passages in it of a rather mysterious nature, e.g., "The voice well purified by the touch of Virtue freely roams over the Astral planes . . ." and the *sādhana chathushthaya* are prescribed as the means for the development of the voice. Perhaps Theosophists can understand this, it is hardly popular. The lecture concludes with a beautiful quotation from Sir Edwin Arnold which beautifully says.—

"If any teach Nirvāna is to cease,
Say unto such they lie."

Lectures delivered at the Presidency College Literary Society.—We have received copies of a series of lectures delivered on behalf of the Presidency College, Literary Society, Madras. The subjects range from "Cycling" to "Vedānta Philosophy." Mr. Satyanāthan, M.A., in comparing the Indian and Greek philosophies, says that the Indians arrived at the true conception earlier than the Greeks. The early speculators of Greece never went beyond the confines of the material universe, whereas, in India, philosophy was given a metaphysical turn from the very commencement. Mr. N. Vaithyanatha Aiyar, M.A., delivered an able lecture on the Vedānta Philosophy. The Honorable Dewan Bahadur S. Subramaniya Aiyar, C.I.E., who presided on the occasion, well observed that a man's spiritual advancement is not for his benefit alone, for he has still his work to do; and drew attention to the important precept, "that a man should obtain complete mastery over his own senses and mind, and be calm, just and true." The lectures are generally interesting and the society thus gives scope for original research.

The Yoga Vasishta (Laghu).—Mr. K. Nārāyanaswāmī Aiyar, F.T.S., of Kumbakonam really deserves to be congratulated upon his successful translation of this most interesting contribution to the Vedānta Philosophy. The book is full of stories which are very difficult to translate, and the Eastern manner of putting them cannot be conveniently rid of its foreignness to the Western readers. Nevertheless, a valuable treasure has been opened to him that cares to know, whether Indian or foreign. The book is intelligible throughout, though the language may here and there be improved. The introduction is a little unfortunate as it seems to have a tendency to draw attention to the non-essential points (whatever their value might be to the Theosophists) in the stories. A list of coincidences between H.P.B.'s doctrines and the *Yoga Vasishta* might better have been omitted in the interest of the general student of philosophy. A warning is generally given to the students of this book by those competent to advise, that only the principles of the story and not their setting should be attended to, and a simile is generally added, viz., like a man who loses a gem on the road and in order to find it takes the mud and all, and on finding the gem throws the rest away. Similarly in reading the *Vasishta*, only the central lesson of the stories and not the non-essential elements which have been introduced for the sake of story telling, should be grasped. To make our meaning clearer, in the story of Sikhidvaja, Chūdālai is represented as entering into her husband's mind, and assuming the forms of man and woman at the same time; all this belongs to the art of the story so to speak. The central lesson of course being renunciation in its highest light. This warning is nowhere given to the reader in the book under review. In other respects the translation is a decided success and a standing contribution to the Vedāntic literature. We hope that our friend will favour us with some more translations in his simple facile language. The get up of the book is very neat.

The Sanskrit Journal, an interesting monthly published at Kumbakonam under the patronage of H. H. The Maharajah of Pudukotta. The first portion is in English, the second in Sanskrit, and the third in English and Sanskrit. The English articles are uniformly well-written, and are an authority on whatever subjects they handle. There is a series of scholarly

Reviews.—(Continued).

articles on *Sandhyavandana*, and successive literary criticism of ancient poetical works. The Sanskrit articles are written in a simple popular style. Science is being made easy for the Pandits, and there is a beautiful admixture of Eastern and Western methods of instruction. English science and Japan history go with Vedic quotations, and poets like Kalidasa and Bhavabhuti render their service to the new method of instruction in the journal. The third part contains the elementary Sanskrit Grammar and sundry other translations. The Journal is liberally supported by the native states of Travancore, Cochin and Mysore, and godfathered by the retired Devan Hon. A. Seshayya Sastryar, c. s. i. For students and others wishing to learn Sanskrit, a more convenient help cannot be thought of. The annual subscription is Rs. 3.60, including postage.

News and Notes.

Swami Vivekananda visited Prof. Deussen in Germany. He writes that they "have become fast friends." The Professor accompanied the Swami to London.

The Hindu Moral Association. A new religious association of students has been formed in Madras with Brahmasri R. Sivasankara Pandianji, B. A., F. T. S., as its moral adviser, P. V. Ramaswami Raju, Esq., Bar-at-law, as President, and Messrs. G. Subramania Aiyar and V. Ramaswami Aiyar, B. A., L. T., as Vice-Presidents. The Society has lived a life of six months, regularly meets and promises to continue. Its library contains nearly 350 books, and it is supplied with the *A. B. Bodhini*, the *Awakened India*, the *Times*, &c. It holds religious classes, in which Mr. Pandianji lectures about the Bhagavad-Gita and other things. It is intended to extend the reading room and library, for which the liberal support of the patriotic public is earnestly solicited.

More Sanyasins.—Swami Sadananda, a disciple of Swami Vivekananda, and Swami Krishnananda, a disciple of Paramahansa Ramakrishna, were in Madras for two weeks last month on their way to Rameswaram. They impressed all who came in contact with them with their love and their purity of character.

Vedantism in America.—We learn from the latest American cuttings that Mr. Edward Day and Miss Mary Phillips have an interesting programme before them for this season, the spreading of the Vedanta in the higher circles of America.

Swami Saradananda is reported to be doing yeoman's service in the field of our philosophy in America. He is talked of as an interesting figure, and is very much liked. People expect to hear much from him in New York this winter.

A public lecture.—An interesting and largely attended public meeting was held at Pachaiyappa's Hall, Madras, on Friday, the 9th ultimo, in connection with the 2nd Anniversary of the Young Men's Hindu Association. Prof. Rangacharya, M.A., delivered an address on the "Central Lesson of the Gita," and the Hon. Justice Subramania Aiyar occupied the chair.

The Czar on India.—We find the following passage in "The Travel in the East of Nicholas, Emperor of Russia", where India is described as the land of spirituality and wisdom. "To-morrow, India Sleeps beneath mine eyes. I vainly sought it in the balmy night, in the gold and crimson of the rising sun; the dawn greets the promised land, where the heavens are pervaded with the charms of love, but passion is conquered by an unspeakable sadness—where life glows bright, yet all is as a dream, and breathes with beauty irresistible as death. O land of daring dreams and soaring thought! Though risest out of the azure deep, whose mournful meaning echoes sadly back the discord reigning in the weary heart. India lies before us! Here holiness

and peace appeared in visions unto men contemptuous of pleasure; since their age the people live the self-same life, yearning for the Divinity, for freedom and atonement. Here, where the earthly realm of sorrow borders on the heavens, and when the soul is crushed by unceasing torments, this magic land calls us into a world of wonders, into the realm of the eternal mysteries and of boundless wisdom."—*The Brahmaridin*.

An Admirer of Swami Vivekananda.—We have received a very enthusiastic letter from one of our subscribers, Mr. Bholu Datt Gururani, to which we have great pleasure in referring. The Gentleman says he is a Brahman by birth, but wandered long without a religion; his leanings were sometimes towards Christianity, sometimes towards the Arya Samaj. Last year he seems to have come by the Swami's lectures, and yearns to be taken by him as a disciple if found worthy. "Blessed are ye that hunger now: for ye shall be filled."

Swami Avedananda in London.—Swami Avedananda, who has safely reached London, writes to say that he met two of the greatest European Vedantins, Prof. Max Muller and Prof. Deussen, and had an interesting conversation with the latter in Sanskrit. He is now working with Swami Vivekananda, who is holding classes on Vedanta, at Wimbledon, London, which a large number of influential ladies and gentlemen eagerly attend.

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“He who knows the Supreme attains the highest.”—*Tait. Upa.* II. 1. 1.

VOL. I.
No. 5.

MADRAS, NOVEMBER 1896.

PUBLISHED
MONTHLY.

A First Principle

FROM MARUTHAIVI'RAN* TO MAHA' VISHNU.

. In our last issue, we had occasion to determine the province of the philosophy of the Vedânta. In its practical application, it consists in the purging out of the grosser elements in man, in the complete subjugation and voluntary surrender of the lower human nature, “in working out the brute and working in the God”, in the attainment of that “peace which passeth all understanding.” To enjoy that peace for the space of even a second is equal to the benefit, says Yoga Vâsishta, of a *Rajasûya* sacrifice ; to live ten minutes in the enjoyment of that beatitude of the nuptials with God confers the benefit, says the same enlightened authority, of an *asvamedha* sacrifice.

The difficulty of attaining that state of peace—“Om Santi Santi Santi,” all peace, peace, peace—is so great that Thâyumânnavart† says, “It would be easier to fly in the air, to wander unseen, to walk on fire, to play with the lion and the cobra, and to do ever so many other wonderful things”; the ascent on flying machines and balloons is nothing when compared to the difficulty of entering into the inner bower of the human mind, which is an abode of bliss and peace sweetly combined like sugar with honey—retreating there into that bower and standing four-square to all the storms that might blow around, and to the battery that might go on pulling down the rampart walls of the body, the social organism and the state, and utterly unmindful of the war that might be going on in the outer world. To so retreat like the snail, to draw one's out-going energies within ‘like the tortoise that draws its limbs within in times of danger’—Gita, II, 58—, is a rare privilege attained by the grace

of God, by the blessings of the Guru, and by constant practice. The Tuscan artist that viewed at evening from the top of Fesolê or in Waldarno ‘the spotted globe of the Moon’ is nothing before the man who is able to draw himself within himself. Indeed, the toil and turmoil of the modern-day life, the noise and din of the work-a-day world, which seems to progress terribly with the progress of the suns, as indicated by that melancholy and fortunately false expression, “struggle for existence,” is pitiable and terrible to think of. There is really no struggle for existence: all this apparent elbowing and pushing is a result of the false idea we have about ourselves, of the end in view we have set before ourselves, *vis.*, to struggle and survive. We are struggling not for existence ; for, as a great poetess has said, “We are bound to live as far as the impetus that sent us here lasts, for the God that made us is not dead.” We are all of us struggling, not to survive, but to live freely and happily, steering consciously or unconsciously towards that peace of mind “which passeth all understanding”, and which is the crown of the constant practice of knowledge and virtue. Alas ! how difficult it is for the man of the world, the man of the Gujili*, to enjoy peace of mind for even one minute ! How that long desired repose eludes our grasp like fairy gold ! while wealth comes and goes, while youth leaves us stranded on the shore, while old age threatens us with its fallen jaw and a fearful prospect when that peace is most needed. You cannot see people in London, and you should not see, for, says Washington Irvine, they are literally in the market, and with them time is money. We poor men have time to gather the fallen leaves, but hardly time to burn them in winter and have a little fireside. “I had been for six months in Italy,” says Ruskin, “never for a single moment quit of liability to interruption of thought by day or night whenever I was awake. In the streets of every city there are entirely monstrous

* A terrible deity worshipped by the low classes, especially at Madura.

† Reader, be not tired of this name, as that poor peasant was of the name of Aristides in Grecian History, for he is the man who has made philosophy most poetical in the South.

* The Madras market where stolen and other miscellaneous articles find a sale.

and inhuman noises in perpetual recurrence—the violent rattle of carriages driven habitually in brutal and senseless haste, creaking and thundering under loads too great for their cattle, urged on by perpetual roars and shouts; the bellowing and howling of obscene wretches far into the night, clashing with the Church-bells in the morning dashed into wreckless discord from twenty towers at once, as if naughty devils to defy and destroy the quiet of God's sky and mock the loss of His harmony; filthy, stridulous shrieks and squeaks reaching for miles around into the quiet air from the rail-road stations at every gate; and the vociferation and legs and frantic noise of a passing populace whose every word was in mean passion or in unclean jest." How pathetic in the same strain is the complaint of Schopenhauer against the dust in the road and the reckless noise in the streets under the friction of elbowing! The thoughtful man wants repose; and many a time and oft has retired into the forest or hid himself in the cave, to have a single hour under the calm sky, to roam "retired like noon-tide dew"—leaving the noisy world to itself—near the running brooks "murmuring a music sweeter than their own," and to try with all a Guru's grace to retreat more within himself without either eyes or ears, himself his world and his own God. How many a Bharata has descended from his throne in the midst of regal enjoyment for the quiet air of heaven and the quieter retreat into the inner world! To conquer this kingdom behind the curtain, to gain this dominion of the Self is the final aim, the *summum bonum* of life.

This, however, being very difficult of attainment, it is necessary that there should be steps leading to this *sanctum sanctorum*. I cannot ask my innocent old grand-mother or my busy domestic wife to retreat all at once into her internal Self; that requires a warrior's strength and more than a warrior's courage. What do you think stands between them and their empire, reader? Remember Nanda's tale elsewhere told, and its moral. There are Vîran, Irulan, Kâteri, Verian, Nondi, Châmundi and a whole host of aboriginal deities with big bellies and difficult appetites. Nay, not merely they. Go to the same story again; we are slaves; Nanda, A'nanda, this sportive *Atman* playing within its prison like a calf leaping to the length of its tether, is a Pariah slave. He has his master to obey and kinsmen to fear: and how many masters have we? How many passions mocking us at every turn, opening loose our coat, though we are trying to button and close it up to the chin, and robbing us every moment of our master's cap! Our belly is a great monitor, the agricultural god that we have to feed. We make all sorts of noise and keep up this world of strife; and ourselves die in the midst of the fray, sweating and bleeding desperately—our place taken by another whose way is exactly similar: such being the case, how difficult it is for us to attain without a ladder to the peace of Heaven!

Have you ever contemplated, serious reader, upon the diversity that exists around you, the infinity that confronts you on every side, the multitude of lives visible and invisible that live in the water, that float in the air, that enter into your nostrils, that flow in your veins, that people the starry heavens—what an infinite multitude, what a desperate diversity, so that Sri Krishna himself said, "*Nanthôsti mama divyânâm vibhûtinâm Parantapa*" there is no end to my wealth phenomenal, O my friend Arjuna! You or I cannot describe it, Why! comparing that multitude to an ocean, the ocean is a

speck in that infinity, but we are obliged to talk by our own play-things: take that infinity as an ocean, take a wave, take its crowning froth, take the top thereof, nay, take therein a particular atom; in that atom is folded up this whole mass of humanity. Consider that mass at present and look into the vast variety that exists there. We do not know if the bear differs from the man, more than one man from another. From an Iago, who could not endure the happiness or virtue of others, to a Buddha, whose heart was melting with abundant flow of love to all mankind and whose only object was the advancement of human virtue; from Dame Darkmans, the cynical philosopher who wished everything to be turned to dust and ashes, to Francis de Assissi, to whom the nightingale was a sister and the lark a brother; from the raging pestilential witch that wanted every marriage to be turned into a funeral and regarded more the funeral cakes than the marriage *bhûri* (gift), to a Sankara, whose love to the world was spontaneous like the light of the moon, who could approach the leper cast off by the village and, finding in him the qualities for discipleship, confer upon him the highest good, the blessing of divine instruction; from a daring and intriguing Lady Macbeth to a gentle philanthropic Miss Florence Nightingale; from the cunning court-fool with motley gear pandering to his belly like a pig to Sri Krishna, who could change a hero's melancholy into philosophical solace and purge the illusion of self by the vision of the Brahmin going round the fire—what an infinite variety of characters, which Shakespeares, Scotts, Kâlidâsas and Kambans cannot sufficiently do justice to; what permutation and combination of a few apparently simple qualities rendered complex for the artist and philosopher. Oh God! how rich is Thy wealth; how abundant the variety of Thy manifestation; what a field for working out past *Karma* (the result of past action); and with all that, what singular unity! So that if any religion were possible for all, a common underlying net work of principles becomes also possible, and a vast complex religion may safely be built upon the rock of that foundation impregnable for all time.

Religion is an essential factor of human progress, a necessary element in society. "Man has structural relation," says Kant, "with three things, God, world and soul." He cannot escape these. They hunt him wherever he may be. He may hide himself in soft pillowed leather cushions; he may shelter himself under the laughing lips of women, or he may ascend mountain-like peacock thrones; but wherever he may be, as the sky always is above him and envelops him, so does this problem of life and death. It haunts him like a nightmare and presses for solution. A solution he must give even from the lap of his lady-love, even from the Sandwich islands, even from the solitudes of the forest, even on mountain-like peacock thrones.

Agnosticism is only a passage in human progress. It marks the transition stage where superstitious early faith is about to be changed to philosophical religion. Nature gives sound blows; and the child diet of a Melin's Food of an unscientific belief ceases to satisfy. But progress is not destruction but building up. So through this process of Agnosticism which is nothing but the destruction of unquestioning faith, religion will get scientifically erected up into philosophy. Doubt is the interval between the morning breakfast and the late dinner. The newly built High Court tower has to be

tested by artificial battery or natural storm, and then alone may the judges safely hold their sittings there. Similarly, when the dear child is dying before one's face and prayers avail not, when the beautiful wife is suddenly transformed into an ugly leper, when the Huzur Sheristadar finds himself suddenly dismissed for no apparent cause, when the world appears inimical, sinful and unjust, when a Kuchela struggles for livelihood with a battalion of naked children and a half-clad wife and while Râvana enjoys a mountain-like golden palace and controls the spheres—and physical science seems to account for creation and destruction by its laws of matter and energy—doubt arises. It might often culminate in despair and suicide. But killing is no ending. Only the curtain falls, the scene changes, and the hero appears dressed up in a new fashion—that is all. You may doubt the existence of God and live in it for some time. But you, who cannot long doubt whether your young Amy returns your love in spring time or not, can you long doubt if you have a soul to save? No! Huxley did not die a sceptic. Indeed, scepticism cannot be a religion; and though "honest doubt is better than half the creeds," it is not itself one. Young Amy's hair is turned to grey in spite of the doctor's drugs. Youthful Locksley's blood is down once again. God again comes for a share in his heart. Young Amy, young no more, is too shrivelled to occupy that cavity. Nature administers good whipping; many an evil comes and goes; there is a knock against the knavish pate, a curse against the day that brought him down, when Amy takes to a gilded fool. Adversity is yet a toad having a precious gem in its head, and that gem is philosophy. Social science was studied in youth and other sciences in manhood, but these are not enough. Some day the warrant comes and the knock is heard at the door. "*Dukring karane*" (Grammar) does not save. Another science has to be sought after. God is its teacher and God is its reward. Is not religion necessary now? Thank God there is a belly here, the God Ganesh, that nature has a whip and death comes for a share of your heart. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Religion thus being a necessity, and shades of human character being too infinite for even a Shakespeare or a Raphael, it necessarily follows that there must be different grades for different men, crutches of different lengths for men of different heights, different rungs in the ladder of spiritual progress all connected and held together by a firm philosophy which stands as their common basis and supports them for all eternity. When young, we thought that as the propositions of Euclid are one and the same for all mankind—though some knock their heads in vain against the deductions—so, if there should be a religion, it should be common to all mankind. The difference is that geometry is not a matter of human aptitudes, there are no tendencies in it, it is all exact like the laws of astronomy or physical science. The law of gravitation is the same for the Yogi and the ordinary man. Moonlight is innocent of the distinction of rich and poor. But one kind of wife will not suit all the world; one man wants her to be black, another wants her to be noisy and quarrelsome, a third desires her to be effeminate and modest, a fourth requires her to wear stockings all day long and talk nothing but English. A mother does not suit the fancy of all her children. Likewise, religion

is a matter of mind; there is no exactness in it except in its final philosophy. Even in the roads there is considerable difference, and that is why a Guru is so seriously insisted upon.

Some over-wise men think that their intellect is their Guru, or that the impersonal God is their Guru. But when they enter into the awful solitude of the narrow way, when they climb the steep ascent swimming against the gravitation of the earth, when the loneliness of the path, its pitfalls and dangers and snares and sphinx-questions begin to be suspected, then the necessity for a Guru will be apparent. The warrior requires a charioteer. Until then the over-wise man is half a fool wishing to "rush in where angels fear to tread."

So then, different grades of religion, or rather different religions cemented together by one common philosophy and recognizing their bond of unity being necessary, it becomes next clear that these various grades differ in their tendencies, each however leading to its next higher. It may be asked, how is this possible? How can one religion be connected with another and where is the possibility of a common philosophy? And if such a philosophy be possible, what are its fundamentals? To take a simile,—we are not to travel far, our India is rich enough in illustrations—the northern Hindi-speaking Panjabi is in some respects a different man from the Malayalam talking Nambûdri; but between these races of North and South, the rich Parsis of the western coast and the poor fishermen of the Coromandel; there is still a common bond through political affinity, homage to the same philosophy and homage to a common sacred literature; the Ganges is the common property of the whole race, the Himalayas are the pride of all the country; Rameswaram has its devotees from the snowy hills to the Southern cape. Thâyumânavar chants the Upanishads in Tamil, Sankara preaches them in Sanskrit. Buddha takes his transmigration theory from the Vedas; and even the Fire-worship of the Parsis is nothing unknown to ancient Rishis. The fisherman who suddenly loses his child comforts himself with the same doctrine of *karma* as the *Sanyâsin* of Benares. The Congress is a common institution of modern days. The Muhammadan Akbar rendered the Srutis into Arabic; and the Indian Mastân is not far different from the retired Yogi. So then, India, peopled as it is with a vast variety of races, has yet a nation with common sympathies and common interests.

Similarly, the dread Maruthaiviran, who killed with his legendary axe one thousand persons in the course of a single night (the English soldier is requested to laugh within his sleeve), has a close kinship with the Jesus of Nazareth, the Alla of the Koran, the Krishna of the Gita and the Vishnu of the milky sea.

1. They are all of them Gods.
2. They are all worshipped.
3. Man has hopes in the possibility of being saved by them.
4. All the worshippers want to be saved from the misery of the world. Only, one thinks that he alone will be saved, and even for that he will have to wait till the Judgment day; another thinks that he could be saved only by a multitude of black-eyed girls; a third thinks that without the honor of moustaches, sharp steel axes and high-heeled shoes, there can be no god; another thinks that unless a virgin could bring forth a child, there would be no salvation for any one on earth.

another thinks that unless his God could love a thousand and three women and be in all their houses at the same time, there could be no *moksha*; another yet thinks that unless his God sleeps, the world could not get on for one moment. By the way the true Vedāntin has an odd humour in him like the man in the story who cried *Beb-bebe* to everyone that came to him. He can enjoy as a spectator the big drama of the world, he not being the stage king or an imitation fool. To every thing in common he has a nod of assent. Maruthaivāran must have high-heeled shoes, he says, for

yathā pasyati chakshubhyām tat tadātmēti bhāvayēt....

The high-heeled shoes, the whiskered figure that walks upon them are both God, he says. And if Mahā Vishnu sleeps on the milky sea, he says, it has a splendid inner meaning (for which see p. 57). Krishna, he adds is bound to be imprisoned in all lovers' hearts alike, and so on.

But it is difficult to be so impartial. The Muhammadan wants his Houris and Houris alone. The Vaishnavite wants his god to wear *Pulvis Alba* alone. It is all the story of the blind men that saw the elephant. A child thinks that sugar is the sweetest thing in the world, another the mango fruit, a third a silk cloth, a fourth the car festival, and so on. All want something sweet. They are all agreed on that one thing. It is the same with these men. They all want to be saved but each wants his own Heaven.

5. All want somehow to leave this wicked world soon. Some say that Satan came and disturbed it. Others say we reap what we sowed.

6. All believe in their own immortality. All the world may die, but John Bull and Virāsami have faith in their own eternity.

7. All believe that sin is bad and that virtue alone is good, though it is difficult for most men to do as they feel.

8. All agree in thinking, though our fishermen are not distinctly conscious of it, that the evils of the world are due to selfishness, and that, if the self be destroyed, the root of the misery is cut down.

9. All, superstitiously or otherwise, fall at the feet of men who have cast off their little selves and risen as pillars to Heaven.

10. No man finds it possible to live long without a religion, though he decorates his God with a big turban, or with silvery beard, or as laughing on the peacock, or dancing with a flute, or sleeping on the milky sea, or contemplating on the silver mountains, or mourning on the cross, or lisping in His virgin mother's arms. All these are true to the Vedāntin to whom nothing in this God-ruled world is out of place. Only, some men are looking at the sun from the wells that they have sunk, others from the pits in which they are hiding themselves, others with yellow-colored eyes, others yet from upstairs houses, others through windows and glass panes, others from balloons and flying machines, a few with telescopes on Fesolé heights, and a few others with flowers mixed with water at the birthplace of the Ganges on the never-dying Himālayas, uttering there the *mantra* of *mantras*, the *Gāyatri* (the Indian prayer).

How there are different stages and how through all of them there runs a unity of Godhead ās ā string in a pearl garland, to use Sri Krishna's phrase, is a subject which we reserve for a future occasion.

The Rāma'yana—The Secret of its Success.

There have been some great poems of the world known as Epic Poems. In the West, we have the Iliad of Homer, which is counted the greatest; next in rank are the poems of Virgil, Tasso, Milton and other great writers. In the East, there are some poems among the Persians and other nations known as Epic; but the Epic Poems of the East, properly so-called, are the Rāmāyana and Mahābhārata. Considering all these poems together, it is not difficult to see that the only Epic Poems that are popular, in addition to being favorites of the learned and the philosophical, are the two great Poems of India. They are indeed popular, in the truest sense of the term. We all know, how, almost every day, the Rāmāyana and Mahābhārata are read and explained by the learned and initiated to large concourses of people, who listen to them with deep attention and imbibe the principles of conduct illustrated by the actions of the characters that play so conspicuous a part in them. There is nothing similar to that in the West. In England, we don't see the ordinary people listening to the *Paradise Lost* read out to them in the way in which the Rāmāyana is read out in our country. Nor have the people there the same affection for the work, so to speak, that the people here have for the Rāmāyana. Now the question arises—what are the secrets of the success of the Rāmāyana? Again, this is not a success of yesterday, nor of ordinary magnitude. It is a success, which has shone forth for ages past; and as to its magnitude, we have simply to illustrate it thus. At Gangotri, which is the northernmost point of India, in a sense, the Chief Panda goes by the name of Rāma-sharan. At Kan'yakumari (Cape Comorin) the Chief Archaka is Ramabhattar. In the intermediate country, should a census be taken of all the Hindus, that bear the name of Rāma, it will be found that they form a very large fraction of the whole body. Whence the greatness of this name?—is the question as stated *supra*. The answer is simple. Truth and Justice are dearer to mankind than the Sun and the Moon. This is true in spite of all that has been said about the frailties of the human species. The Rāmāyana has for its subject Rāma, who was pre-eminently the advocate of these two great principles of existence; because the world exists, supported by truth and justice. Of all the epithets that Vālmiki, the great author of the Rāmāyana, has bestowed on Rāma, the greatest is "*Satya dharma parāyanah*"—i.e., "one whose eminent course of conduct was governed by truth and justice." Lakshmana, the brother of Rāma, sorely grieved at the sudden change of affairs, when Rāma was asked by his father to go to the woods instead of being crowned Yuvaraj or the Prince Regent, requested his brother to set at naught his father and his promises and assume the sovereignty of Ayodhya. Rāma replied—"*Nahicheya madharmena Sakratvaṁ pilakshmana*"—i.e., "Lakshmana, I would not desire to attain even the position of Indra by injustice." It is to maintain the cause of truth and justice that Rāma went to the woods with his Consort and step-brother. The sufferings that he underwent with them and without them, are known to all—in fact, the substance of no story is known in every homestead in India so well as that of Rāma and his sufferings. That he made such great sacrifices, practised such self-denial, and endured so much on account of truth and justice, are facts, which explain his great popularity. Though Rāma played his part on the theatre of life ages ago, yet he is this day more than a living model among us: his memory is the holiest that our people

cherish; his name is the greatest among those they revere. He is a combination of all that is great in the temporal and the spiritual worlds. While a great many rulers of men have drawn invaluable principles of political conduct from the advice that Rama gave to his brother Bharata, when he visited him in the Chitrakuta forest, a great many more rulers of their senses and internal selves have derived that priceless wisdom which leads to Mukti or Salvation, from the conversation that Rāma had with Shramani in the woodland glades that bordered on the lovely lake Pampa—not far from the banks of the river Tungabhadra. Nay, the very name Rama has been taken as a symbol of salvation and made the subject of constant meditation.

P. V. RAMASWAMY RAJU,
Bur-at-Law,

Seekers after God.

I. NANDA, THE PARIAH SAINT.

(Continued from page 31.)

No deer that newly escaped from the hunter's toils, no Negro slave newly emancipated, no barren women just blessed with a male child, no blindman that newly received the gift of light, was more rejoiced than Nanda the Pariah who was relieved from the work which stood between him and his God. Nay, the very gods in heaven rejoiced to see Nanda dancing across the grassy plains and fertile meadows as if he were a wolf springing upon his victim, eager to spring upon that victim of victims, Natarāja, the poorest of the poor, the poor Minakshi's* mother's son-in-law, and singing:—

The drug† that cures my grief, the fear-not-drug,
The drug that spreads through all the worlds alike,
The medicine of grace, the wondrous drug
That grows within, the drug that feasts my love;
The drug of growing light, the drug of life
And light and bliss, the drug that cures the ill
Of life, the drug great and ineffable,
The drug that saves the pain of death, the sweet
Ambrosia that flows ever within.

*Natarāja, Natarāja, Natarāja, Natarāja.
Natarāja, my Lord, Natarāja, Natarāja,
Natarāja, my wealth, Natarāja, Natarāja,
Natarāja, Natarāja, Narthanasundara, Natarāja.*

The gods are never more pleased than when they see a good soul springing frantic, 'pregnant with celestial fire,' for theirs is the world of love. The story adds, the earth shook with joy, the grasses waved with delight and a few rain drops of joy, fell from heaven. Nanda sang and jumped like a veritable deer. He jumped with delight. His eyes and ears were hardly his. He was beside himself, intoxicated with delight. Snakes alone can know snakes' legs. So lovers alone can know the bliss of love. Nanda danced and wept; to him who was able to gather up the harvest of a thousand acres in a few hours, the walk from Adanūr to the banks of the Colladam (the river Coleroon) was hardly a walk. The river was in full flood. The waves were rolling forth one after another

* There is a beautiful carving in stone in the temple of Madura of Minakshi's or Parvati's mother grieving miserably for her rich daughter having married Siva the beggar, the poorest of the poor.

† In these and the following verses the reader is requested to attend more to the sense than the metre. The original refuses to be translated.

for very joy as it were. There was a weird majesty about the waters as they flowed on, in some places moving without self-control like a drunkard who has lost his senses and is reeling about, in others rushing forth like a wild lion shaking his mane, in others moving and rolling like a bull with a fat hump and in others yet crawling like a mountain snake, but everywhere frantic with heavenly joy as if at the sight of the distant looming tower of Chidamharam and everywhere making a subdued harmonium or a loud organ vedic music of its own. Nanda looked at the river, saw the deep water yet clear, saw the living flood and claimed eternal kinship with it. Railways were not in those days, and Nanda, had he seen a train, would have exclaimed, as a friend of the writer observed, "He! my God! carrying all to their respective destinations without the distinction of age, sex, position, caste or creed, and propelled on and controlled by an invisible power and making a noise (whistle) like the *Pranavam*, the great AUM, and maintaining its world inside by that noise (*Sabda nishtam jagat*—the world stands by the power of sound or vibration)." Surely there is philosophy everywhere for the eyes that would see.

Nanda saw the majestic river, danced at the abundance of Natarāja that it bore. 'It danced and leapt,' he said, 'singing anthems to my beloved, and so I shall do' and he danced and jumped singing and singing—

Natarāja's dance is dance,
And all our dance is ignorance.

and dancing eternal love to that eternal lover. A boat came; a black boatman steered it, with a sun-burnt face, with his sweat covered all over the body, but bearing the traces of the white ashes it wore and smelling of sweet camphor. Nanda saw him and worshipped him, for he was Natarāja in his eyes; and getting into the boat for hire sang to a surprised audience about the unfading glory of the Prince of Dancers. He said—

The drug which made me Him, the dancing drug
That dances in wisdom's sphere, the silent drug
The poor man's friend, the rarest drug, the drug
Both first and last, the drug that seeks out those
That search for it, the drug all rare to those
That seek it not, that which my hunger soothes,
The loneliest drug, the pure man's help, the light
The pride of love, the drug that drives out grief,
The drug that cures false loves and avarice kills,
That which Earth-hunger soothes, the drug which plays

Hide-and-seek, the drug which is all within
The heart that loves, that is my strength and joy.

*Natarāja, Natarāja, Natarāja, Natarāja
Natarāja, Guru, Natarāja, Natarāja
Natarāja, Jewel, Natarāja, Natarāja,
Natarāja, Natarāja, Narthanasundara, Natarāja.*

The boat danced on the waters. Nanda danced on the boat. The people in the boat danced with Nanda. The sun-burnt boatman forgot his oar and danced with the people. It was a dance universal, an ecstatic festival, but a dance of ten minutes. The boat dancing this way and that dragged itself to the shore. Nanda leapt on the ground—sacred it was, it was the territory of Natarāja, put his hand into his lap searching for a few copper coins, the fruit of his toil (pockets were not in those days), but the boatmen wept and would not take the hire. "My master, my lord," he said, "no more a Pariah are you, God has converted you into Himself. I am the Pariah slave and cannot accept anything from you." The great Dr. Johnson said of Burke, that if any man stayed with him for five minutes, say, to shelter from the rain or

against the wild bull, he could discover the orator, and so it was with Nanda. Ten minutes were the interval for crossing the river, and within that time the *Bhakta* was discovered and worshipped by a band of men who became his *Bhaktas*. The boatman left his boat. The man of business forgot it. The tradesman neglected his trade. The ploughman threw aside his plough. A dancing group formed itself. They danced, danced for very joy : danced like Natarāja around Nanda, the centre of the group.

The tower of Chidambaram grand, majestic, loomed from a distance and seemed to say to Nanda

O Come and dance, the joyous dance.
O Come and dance, the Dancer's dance.
O dance and shun all ignorance.

Nanda looked at it—the tower of Natarāja, bowed before it and worshipping it, exclaimed, "O lord, at whose bidding the spheres do their daily work, and the invisible sky like Thyself keeps on in space and envelops all, by the side of thy starry wealth and mountains and rivers where am I?—this poor mosquito. 'This tiny trumpeting gnat' is not worth a drop of the mighty ocean that roars day and night. Is not that drop more innocent and beautiful than myself! The white sand that endures alike the burning sun and the falling rain is more worthy of thy grace than myself. Oh *Sanyāsin* of *Sanyāsins*! that rulest this vast household of suns, moons, stars, clouds, mountains and rivers, that I should have appeared as any thing in Thine Eyes. Ah, what a wonder! Grant, Oh God of Gods, that rising from the Earth stand firm like this tower of Thine, fixedly gazing towards heaven turning a deaf ear and a bold front to all the winds that might blow."

A few yards more they went, the base of the tower was visible. The temple gate was in view. And Nanda sang:—Here is the gate of the *Kailas*, the gate that opens to the good alone, the gate from which no good man ever returns, that through which *Mānikkar** entered and sang to the echo of these high walls his divine anthems of ecstasy, the gate through which that poet of poets *Appar** entered and sang his majestic Vedas, the gate through which *Sundarar** entered and enjoyed the secret nuptials with the Prince of Lovers, the gate of that God who was feeding a prostitute's brother at the rate of one golden pie a day and finally absorbed him. My brother and friends and kinsmen, here God is and is not. Here he is both form and no form. Here he dances and is quiet. Here it is that the ignorant are blessed with wisdom and the wise lose their senses. Here he is space and light. And here is both the creator and the destroyer. And that is why *Appar* sang—

The Tillai Dancer, wrapt by watery fields
Around, this helpless slave to forget and live

Nanda continued :

In space his dance is held, my maids,†
His dance is love, his dance is love.
The foot that dances so I love.
I pine with love, I die, my maids.

All (in chorus) —

Natarāja's dance, the scene
Where he dances lies all within.

Nanda:—

A joyous form, a joyous form
I love his dance, my maids, I love,
He dances there, my maids, with love
His is, my maids, a joyous form.

* Great Tamil saints and poets.

† Maid.—The mind is generally addressed as maid

All :

Mahāsiva, Sadāsiva
The crown of kings, the help of all
Siva, Siva, Sadāsiva,
Siva that dances in the hall.

Nanda :

This wretched world I scorn, my maids,
I am one with the Lord, my maids.
He passeth all my words, maids
How could I speak, how Oh! my maids.

All :

The song that sings of space is song.
All other song is darksome song.
Natarāja's song is song all sweet
The song of world is song for meat.

Nanda:—

Seeth he not, my maids, my mind.
Alas! three eyes he hath, you find.
He melted many a stony mind.
But Himself melted not for me.
Deceit I know not, as you see,
My maids, what fault in me you find?

All:—

The abandon of grace, my gain,
That gain's rich store, wealth without pain,
Light's nectar, sweetness that doth drown,
The gem-adorning Veda's crown.
The gem-adorning Veda's crown.

Thus singing they reached the sacred precincts of Chidambaram, danced around the village, as if they were bees humming around the lotus that has not yet bared its bosom to the skies. The God within is the same God without, and prompted by Him, that dwells within the heart, the *Dikshitaras* of Chidambaram (the holy priests of the temple, 2,999 in number including Natarāja 3,000,) who were very different from what they are to-day—every thing except the sun and the moon seems to have degenerated in our country—were very learned in Sanskrit and Tamil and pious, and as remarkable for their holiness as they are now for their tufted hair in front. They saw Nanda and his associates who, though of higher caste, would not go into the town regarding themselves as lower than Nanda the Pariah in caste. The *Dikshitaras* observed Nanda closely, and saw the light that shone on his face, the remarkable expression that marked him out as one of the chosen. They heard with delight though from a distance his holy songs.

Nanda resumed:—

He ruined me, my maids, will he,
My maids, now give me up alone?
The god of love with fiery eye
He burnt, seeth He not my moun?
I love to see Him once, my maids,
From my love-stricken sight he hides.
Once, once, to see his raised foot,
My evils all will fly from sight,
The foot that stretched down Yamā's height
Our family God to be will suit.

All:—

Rich Kulpa's shade, that shade's own sweet,
Well watered field, its harvest meet.
Beauty's form, the life within.
The dancer that doth ever shine,
The dancer that doth ever shine.
Full beamed moon, that beam's nectar,
The light of space, ether within,
The loving Lord, His joy is mine.

The dancer that doth ever shine.
 The dancer that doth ever shine.
 Life's light, that life's effulgent night.
 Th' saving ray, that ray's firm light.
 The lordly grace that rains like rain.
 The dancer that doth ever shine.
 The dancer that doth ever shine.
 The highest path, its harvest sweet.
 The blissful self, its portion meet.
 The highest height, peace not yet mine.
 The dancer that doth ever shine.
 The dancer that doth ever shine.

They proceeded, and Nanda grew more enthusiastic as he approached the shrine. The booming cheerfulness in his face increased in splendour. By this time, the rich autumnal *Dwādasi* (12th lunar day) moon, the Pride of India, of the calm skies, rising like a white lotus springing in the blue of the heavens, spread forth its love-laden music-like ambrosial rays above and below, and Nanda, the love-stricken Nandu, looking up sang :—

Oh radiant, joyous, silvery moon, myself
 'To know, tell me a path, tell me a path.
 Oh silvery moon, the lover's friend, that hath
 A seat in my Lord's hair, that place for Self,
 That Sea of Love to have I wish, say how.

All :—

Natarāja, &c., &c., &c.

Nanda :—

Thy nightless, dayless life, O silvery moon
 For ever to have, I die, O silvery moon.
 O radiant Silvery moon, I pine to be
 Myself, the way is hard to see for me.
 Tell me, O silvery moon, if my sweet Lord,
 Will be with me alone, Oh hard ! how hard !
 Oh hard it is, thou moon, to be with Him,
 Much too proud is He, much too proud is He.

All :—

Natarāja, ° &c., &c., &c.

Nanda :—

To be His own self ! Oh silvery moon,
 And He be I ! Tell how, I fail, I swoon.
 A five-headed serpent,* thou silvery moon.
 He plays with ever, I know not how, I own
 Oh silvery planet—He alone, the One.
 In space He dances all alas ! alone.
 Tell me, O silvery moon, O silvery moon.
 Tell me the way, the why, I swoon, I swoon.
 This world and all do form His dance they say.
 Shed forth, O moon, one ray, one single ray
 Of thine and gladden me and gladden too.
 His joyous dance is all above, above,
 My sorry dance is all below, below.

As Nanda proceeded, the love within him matured and attained to the power of the first class, or, as it is called in Sanskrit, classical love as was the case with the shepherd-ess of Vraja. (*Nārada Sūtra*, No. 21.)

"One Gopi (shepherdless) as she sallied forth, beheld some of the seniors (of the family) and dared not venture, contenting herself with meditating on Krishna with closed eyes and entire devotion, by which, immediately all acts of merit were effaced by rapture, and all sin was expiated by regret at not beholding Him; and others again reflecting upon the cause of the world in the form of the supreme *Brahman*, obtained, by their sighing, final emancipation." (*Vishnu Purāna*.)

* The soul with five senses which has life through Isvara.

It was the same high love to which Thāyumanavar referred in untranslatable language :—

Sankara, Sankara, Sambho,
 Siva Sankara, Sankara, Sambho
 He that is first and last,
 My bliss, my love, my light,
 The speechless light how vast.
 He spoke a word, my maid.
 Unspeakable, Unspeakable.
 Sankara, Sankara, Sambho
 Siva Sankara, Sankara, Sambho.

Nanda sang again :—

Dance O Dance, O my fairest daughters
 Till ye find out the Dancer in the hall.
 O sing and dance and sing, O dance and sing
 By turns in circles proud, praising the King.
 Praising the King, the passionless and pure.
 Who yet Sivakāmi fair does e'er allure.

All :—

And lovers sweet and lovers sweet, O sing
 And dance until ye find the Dancing King.
 O Sing and dance and sing, O dance and sing.

Nanda :—

The Lord of dance and love, of dance and love
 The most powerful Lord, Vasishtha's cow
 To loving hearts, the first great lover,
 The Lord of boundless power, of boundless power.
 The king that dances in the hall, the poor
 Man's treasure, the light all pure, the light all pure
 Find out my daughters all, find out the king.

All :—

O sing and dance and sing, O dance and sing
 And dance until ye find the Dancing King.

Thus did Nanda sing in ecstasy with his companions, for three days and nights.

Tradition rich in legends and folklore asserts, that all the *Dikshitaras*, on one and the same remarkable night, dreamt that Natarāja appeared to them in their vision, and directed them to take him into their Brahmin fold, the purest of his *Bhaktas*, Nanda the Pariab Saint. It was a beautiful morning, when the sun had just risen, and the *Dikshitaras* had returned from their bath with sacred ashes besmeared all over their bodies and *rudrakshas*† hanging loosely round their necks, assembled a miscellaneous council in the *Devasabha*, their general meeting place within the temple.

(To be concluded)

Fanaticism

In the English edition of the *Lectures on Karma Yoga* delivered by Swāmi Vivekananda, the following observations on fanaticism in any thing being only a retarding block in the way of progress, are found at the conclusion of his lecture on "Doing good to the World," an abstract of which appeared in the columns of this Journal—(Vide No. 1, page 8).

Also naively narrating the story of the ghost and the dog's curly tail, the Swāmi continues :—"This world is that dog's tail curling round, and they have been striving to straighten it out for thousands of years, but when they let go, it curls up again. How can it be otherwise ?

* The original is difficult to translate. Unspeakable implies the word between lovers not fit to be spoken to the public, and also it implies the word of the Guru rare to get and all too sacred for public ears.

† Wreaths of beads made from the seeds of a particular plant.

One should first know these things and then you will not be a fanatic. You see these wine fanatics and cigar fanatics. Some men think that if men give up smoking cigars the world will be a millennium, and the women are generally these fanatics. There was a young lady here one day in this class. She was one of a number of ladies in Chicago, who have built a little house where they take the working people, and give them some music and gymnastics. One day this young lady was talking about those evils, and said she knew the remedy. I said, "How do you know?" and she said, "Don't you know the Hall House?" In her opinion this Hall House is the great panacea for all the evils that the flesh is heir to. This will grow upon her; I am very sorry for her. There are some fanatics in India who think if a woman can get two or three husbands it will cure all evil. This is fanaticism; and when you know that this world is a dog's curly tail and will never straighten, you will never be fanatics. Fanatics can never do real work. When I was a boy, I thought that fanaticism was a great element in work, but now, as I grow older I find out that it is not. If there was no fanaticism in the world, the world would make much more progress than it does now. It is silly to think that fanaticism makes for the progress of mankind. It is, instead, a retarding block, by making hatred and anger, and causing people to fight each other, and making them unsympathetic. This is the fanatical mind. There may be a woman who would steal, and would make no objection to taking some one else's bag and getting away with it. But perhaps that woman does not smoke. She becomes a smoke fanatic, and as soon as she sees a man smoking, she would knock him down because he smokes a cigar. There may be a man who goes about cheating people, there is no trusting him, no woman is safe near him. But perhaps he does not drink wine. He sees nothing good in any one who drinks wine; all these wicked things that he does are of no consideration. It is the natural human selfishness and oneness. Whatever you do or possess, you think the best in the world, and those things you do not possess are of no value. So, always remember this curly tail of the dog, whenever you have a tendency to become a fanatic; and you must also remember that the world has God to govern it, and He has not left it to your or my charity. You need not bother your head or make yourself sleepless; the world will go on. The Lord God is its Governor and Maintainer, and in spite of these wine fanatics, and cigar fanatics and all sorts of marriage fanatics, it will go on; if all these were to die, it would go on all the better. When you have avoided fanaticism, then alone you will work. The fanatic does not work; it is the level-headed man, the calm man, of good judgment and cool nerves, of great sympathy and love. The fanatic has no sympathy.

When you are no longer a fanatic, there may come sympathy; in ninety cases out of a hundred, fanatics have bad livers, or are dyspeptics, or in some way diseased. By and by, physiologists will find out that fanaticism is a kind of disease. I have seen plenty of it!—Lord save me from it.

My experience has become condensed in this form, that you should rather keep away from all sorts of fanatical reform. This world is slowly going on, and let it go slowly. Why are you in a hurry? Have a good sleep and keep your nerves in good order, eat nice food and have sympathy with the world. Fanatics only make hatred in the world. Do you mean to say, these fanatics love those poor fellows who become drunkards? They are simply fanatics, because they want to get something out of it. As soon as the battle is done, they are for the spoil

They want some thing: they have no sympathy; and as soon as you come out of the company of fanatics you will begin to love and to sympathise; and the more you get of this love and sympathy, the less will be the power of cursing these poor fellows, but you will sympathise rather with their faults. You will find by and by that you will come to sympathise with the drunkard, and to know that he is a man like you, and how many circumstances there are dragging you down, and that, if you had been in the place of that man you might have committed suicide.

• • • I will ask you to remember the points I made:

That we are debtors to this world, the world does not owe me anything; it is a great privilege that I am allowed to do anything for the world.

The second point to remember is that there is a God in this universe. It is not that the universe is drifting about and requiring help from you and me. He is ever present, undying, eternally active, and infinitely watchful. When the whole universe sleeps, He sleeps not; He is working incessantly; all the changes and manifestations of the world are His. We must remember this.

Thirdly, we must not hate any one, because this world will always remain this way, a mixture of good and evil, a grand gymnasium, where we will take exercise, and become stronger and stronger.

Fourthly, we must not be fanatics. Fanaticism is against all love. You hear fanatics glibly saying, "I do not hate the sinner, I hate the sin," but I will go two hundred miles to see the face of the man who can make distinction between sin and the sinner. It is easy to say so, but try in your mind whether you can distinguish between the wicked man and his wickedness. You would be a perfect man if you could distinguish between the quality and the thing itself. It is not so easy as that. And, further, the calmer you are, and the less disturbed in your nerves, the more you will love, and the better will be your work."

Symbology.

S'ESHASAYANAM.

We have seen what Natarāja means. Philosophers, we are, even stones and copper are redolent to us with philosophy; if we go on at this rate, all the world I daresay will get reduced to five elements just as the idol of the temple is composed of five metals; and you will shortly leave even that idolatry, and proceed to find out the inner meaning of this grand symbol of the world which is nothing but God, who is, as Srutis declare, subtler than the most subtle, greater than the greatest, firmer like a tree and one without a second.

We shall now proceed to discuss the symbol as famous as that of Natarāja, viz., Sri Ranganātha. Curious enough there is simply a war of words in every land. The Muhammadan plucks out the beard of the Christian who in his turn shoots him down, his turban and all only because the latter says the true God is Allah, and the former Jehovah—the Father in Heaven. But the who are impartial will however say, that Allah and Jehovah mean the same thing, and denote the same Person—He be.

Ranganātha and Natarāja mean the very same thing and refer to very nearly the same conception, only differently expressed. Natarāja is the lord of the stage, also Ranganātha (*ranga* means stage). The stage is stage of the world, of the cosmos, or better still, of

body and the senses. The one dances in Chidambaram, i.e., the sphere of wisdom, the other sleeps on the milky sea.



We cannot sufficiently describe the glory of that conception, the poetry of the ocean of milk, the imagination of the mind that could have originally conceived it; and the grandeur of the idea underlying it cannot be sufficiently done justice to here.

Our ancient fathers, however poor they might have been in ball-dress, arm-chairs and steam-ships, have endowed us with the rich legacy of a silver rock, a gold mountain, a milky ocean, a heavenly river, a generous cow, a liberal tree, a white elephant, a heavenly father and a rich philosophy. We have, fortunately, down below, the Himalayas, the Ganges, &c., &c. In this grand group comes the milky sea.

The real inner meaning of this milky sea can only be learnt after approaching the Gurn, it is a practical affair, but there is no mystery in it. There is no attempt at organising any esoteric society. To give a glimpse as far as words will permit, the real milky sea is found out when the consciousness of the body is lost; next, that of the mind; and next, the idea of vacant space, which is a great hindrance in practical realization. And the worlds of sun, moon and colors have all to be left behind, then comes the real milky sea. The sweetness of sugar can only be described as far as words will allow, and not shown; and no reader will get angry if I say that sugar is sweet; so, no reader, I trust, will get offended with me for saying that the real milky sea is glorious when seen; that it is, to be as exact as words will permit, the sweet undisturbed nectar-like calmness that knows not the distinction of caste and creed, of life and death, of freedom and slavery, of form and no form, devoid of character and name, the calmness divine and perfect that silently pervades all, and plays 'hide and seek' with the ignorant, the serenity that is light, that is grace, that is the ineffable, the effulgent *Surig** state which is beyond the mad-leaved-monkey-like mind, the highest of the high which knows not union and separation, or attachment, which knows not coming and going, which is far and near, which is firm like a rock, which fails not, which is beyond the five elements, which is beyond even the consciousness of enjoyment, which is neither one nor two, which is above the prating tongue and the wandering mind, and which is an ocean of full, undisturbed ecstasy: that is the real sea of milk. It requires the grace of God

and the blessings of the real Gurn to discover that sea, it is a treasure far beyond the reach of the ambitious, the wicked, the avaricious and the selfish, which is ever a secret refusing to unfold itself to the heart that falters or is false. Knock and it shall be opened, seek and ye shall find.'

आदावतेच मध्येच सृज्या सृज्यं यदन्वयान् ।

पुनस्तत्प्रतिसंक्रामे यच्छिष्ये ततदेवसत् ।

नष्टलोके द्विपरार्थवसाने महा भूतेष्वादिभूतगतेषु ।

व्यक्तेन्यक्तं कालवेगेनयाते भवानेकश्चिष्यते शेषसंज्ञः ॥

The meaning of the above roughly translated is—

'From morn to eve and from eve to dewy morn'
'That which envelops all the fourteen worlds,
The five elements, and over shines in all;
During the sleep in which all being lost,
That which remains unlost, that consciousness,
Is called the I or Self, and *Sesha* forms;
Its inner light is Vishnu great, the Lord,
The love, the light, the sat, the bliss and strength.

Here is *Sesha* described, but why the form of the huge serpent? The reason is that the serpent has been selected, not the other snakes, by the common consent of humanity, as an object of worship in all countries alike. The outspread hood of the serpent, its fine ear for music which men can never rival, with the fabled gem on its head, its glossy and altogether beautiful appearance, its faculty of hearing with the eyes, its comparative innocence when not disturbed* and its real or reputed allegiance to mantras and oaths—which we may call serpent-honesty, its intelligence and aptitude, when trained, to besmear human eyes with eye-salve, to mark the human face with aandal, &c., gently and cautiously, and several other fine qualities in it, might have contributed to the universal worship accorded to it. Few countries have been free from the serpent fetichism. Among the Scythians it was God itself; and among the Hindus it has been raised to the rank of an ornament to the Lord *Isvara*, symbolising the intelligent human consciousness.

Even a higher honor was in store for it; traditions assert that there are five-headed serpents, more beautiful and harmless, and having a beautiful *Nāgaranata* (a precious gem of most wonderful virtues) and wandering in the forests like the *Rishis*. There is a legend which tells us that Hyder Ali, previous to his Nawābdom, was a poor boy, found sleeping under a shady tree beautifully sheltered by a long five-hooded serpent which had curled its body round and round, making a seat for itself to a height of about 3 ft., and fully spreading its hoods over the born emperor, with rich jewel shining brighter than diamonds and rubies, and casting its full lustre upon the heedless face of the orphan boy. Well, if five-hooded serpents are possible here, why not a thousand shining gems in the beautiful sea of milk, especially if it would serve as a grand and true symbol? The serpent, we saw, represents the consciousness, and consciousness is above, below and everywhere—where is it and where is it not? It is in the star above, in the stone below, in the waters that flow, in man, in animal, plant and stone. This consciousness 'sleeps in the plant, dreams in the animal and wakes in man.' The sun is the same all over the earth: the dead stone like an ignorant man receives that light, but in its dull way; the waters shine in the light, but reflect it not; mirrors, like blessed souls, not merely shine themselves, but also make others shine. This *Sesha*, then, which is everywhere

* This fourth state is differentiated from the three stages of waking, dreaming and sleeping.

* There are serpents domesticated in houses which live and move about freely, but never interfere with the inmates.

manifest or unmanifest, is symbolised by that beautiful serpent. Besides, its infinite coils and its huge beauty represent the infinity of that consciousness, its omnipresence and the eternity of that splendour. This consciousness, is the *Sesha* beyond all name and form—beyond time,* space and causality. (*Sesha* means what remains when all else is lost, the undying, the infinite and eternal) It is on the milky sea necessarily; for, until the heavenly calm of the inner soul is realized, the beauty of the universal consciousness cannot be seen.

Vishnu the great God sleeps upon the smooth glossy bed of the serpent—back it is a wonderful sleep however; for, it is sleep without its darkness, it is the sleep, not of ignorance and dulness, but a sleep of light—a knowing sleep as it has been called. The idea is that God pervades all the universe, 'the atom, the roaring sea, the mountain-chains and all,' but is Himself like the sun, unstained by the war of the world. The sleeping means '*Urdhyvapûrnam adhakpûrnam madhyapûrnam*,' filling the above, the below, the middle, as the *Uttara Gita* says; and as the posture is a lying one without North or East or South or West, He fills the world 'from the tip of the nail to the top of the head,' as *Nakhusikhaparyantam*, &c., of the *Brih. Upa.* means. No clouds can pollute Him, no sin can attach to Him, no grief can enter into Him.

Tasya kartâramapi mâm-vidyakartâram avyayam.
Gîtâ. IV. 13.

Though I am the lord of creation, as I work without attachment, no action clings to me, said Sri Krishna. So, the great Lord of the universe is in knowing sleep, as the sun, to compare small things with great, though he inspires a multitude of actions, is yet himself free from them. But then this abstract God, the inner light of consciousness, the *Âtman*, pervades the whole universe, and is every thing, even the illusion of phenomena included; and now descending to the phenomenal platform, the *Vyavâharika Satta*, as it is called,—we find creation is real, and the same abstract *Brahman* is our father in Heaven, our punisher and rewarder. Ranganatha, as we have already seen, means the Lord of the stage, and in the beautiful conception of the milky sea is treasured up the whole range of philosophy, as "Homer in a nutshell." From the abstract *Âtman* to the personal God, the father and Creator, the whole range is involved in it; for what are Vishnu's ornaments?—the *Kaustubha* gem in his broad breast, the *Srivatsa* mark on his forehead, the *conch-shell*, the *bow* and the *discus* in his hands; the *Vaijayanti*, composed of five precious gems, pearl, ruby, emerald, sapphire and diamond, which adorns his breast. He has a rich store of powerful shafts and a bright sword called *Achyuta*. For an authoritative explanation of these symbols, we have great pleasure in referring the reader to *Vishnu Parâna*—Book I. Chapter 22.

The *Kaustubha* gem beautifully represents the pure and everlasting soul of the world. The *Pradhâna* being the chief principle of things, is very well placed as the *Srivatsa* mark on the forehead of the Lord. Intellect is the faculty that shelters us against the arrows in the war of life and is therefore fittingly compared to the mace. (*Gadâ*). Even our egotism, the delusive habitual self, which divides itself into the elements, the organs of sense and all their numerous progeny, is very well represented as *Isû's* conch-shell and bow; the former makes noise, and creation being due to vibration—*Sabdanishtham jagat*—, the conch-shell represents the great function of creation; the bow

very well represents the organs of sense; for, like the latter, they go in search of things, and are the faculties grasping like the bow. But both the conch-shell and the bow (that is, creation and enjoyment—the whole world is described as the Lord's *lila* or sport) must have their basis on *ahankâra* (egotism), the primary delusion of self. As Narada beautifully said to Sanatsumara, "If there be I, then there must be you. There then begins the mischief. If there be I and you, then there must be all the world." The *discus* (*Chakra*) symbolises the mind, which shames the speed of the winds and the swiftness of the lightning. The universe composed of five elements is beautiful ornament—the necklace *Vaijayanti*—to Vishnu the Protector, for nothing better expresses His grandeur and glory, who rules day and night, though sleeping, the vast, infinite and apparently conglomerate household—suns, moons and stars, and clouds and winds and water.

The sharp faculties of action and perception are very well likened to the shafts which fly from the bow of the senses and intellect. Wisdom is a veritable sword, which fells down the grand tree of *Aswattha*, which changes every moment (*Aswattha*, means that which is not next moment), and is at the same time eternal, because *Mâyâ*—delusion is eternal, which has its roots in that Supreme Lord Nârâyana who is sounding his conch-shell of creation. The Vedas are the leaves of this tree, because they shelter the tree from the sun and other things. The intellect forms the branches from the main trunk, a *ahankâra* (Egoism) the five elements; and the deceitful organs of sense are its branches, and the senses are hidden in it. Virtue and vice are its flowers; and joy and grief are its fruits. It is the tree on which all souls live. (For a fuller explanation please refer to *Gita*, XV, 1, 2, and the elaborate commentaries on the same by Sankarâcarya, Ramanuja, Madhva and Sridhara; and *Katha Upa.*, 6, 1.)

As Madhva has beautifully said, this grand tree *samsâra*, which has its branches in Heaven, Earth, and everywhere, should be bravely felled down by the sword of wisdom—*Achyuta* of Narayana. This sword however is most often concealed in the scabbard of ignorance; we people are therefore going round the tree, instead of felling it down; but even this ignorance is nothing to Narayana, for the Vedas proclaim that is merely a sport—a *lila* of Hrishikesa.

Wilson, referring to this grand symbol in his translation of the *Vishnu Purana*, Book I, Chapter 22 which strongly recommends our readers to see, says, "We find in the text a representation of one mode of *dhyâna*—contemplation, in which the thoughts are more really concentrated by being addressed to a sensible emblem instead of an abstract truth. Thus, the *yogin* here addresses to himself: 'I meditate upon the jewel on Vishnu's breast as the soul of the world; and upon the gem on his bow as the first principle of things'; and so on; and through a perceptible substance, proceeds to an imperceptible idea." Lakshmi of course represents the pomp and luxuriance of the world, the Lord's glory or *vilâsa* as it is termed—the *samsâra âdambaru* or *jagat vaibhava*, the great never-ending festival of illusion—*Maya* as it is called—She sits near the feet, the *Avidyâ pâda*, i. e., the sphere of ignorance—ignorance is the mother of creation and the world.

That the *Seshasayana* symbol is no mere idolatry is further attested by the following extract from *Vishnu Purana*—Book I, Chap. XXII:—"The Supreme of Hari is time, with its divisions of seconds, minutes, months, seasons, and years. He is the 'seven worlds'

* This *Sesha* or *Ananta* is often represented as infinite time but the meaning of the *Smriti* quoted above goes beyond time even.

... First born before all the first-born; the supporter of all beings, himself self-sustained; who exists in manifold forms, as gods, men, and animals, and is, thence, the sovereign Lord of all, eternal; whose shape is all visible things; who is without shape or form; who is celebrated, in the Vedanta, as the four Vedas, inspired history, and sacred science. The Vedas, and their divisions; religious manuals and poems, &c., are the body of the mighty Vishnu, I am Hari, All that I behold is Hari. Cause and effect are from none other than Him. The man who knows these truths shall never again experience the afflictions of worldly existence."

A RECLUSE.

True Greatness or Vāsudeva Sāstry.

By T. C. NATARAJAN.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued from page 24.)

When the hawk appears in the sky, all the other birds great and small disappear into their nests at once, the whole blue sky is immediately resigned to that most terrible of birds. We had a similar scene here the other day in poor Vasudeva Sāstry's house. The cultured Sita-Lakshmi, her enthusiastic daughter as well as the poor round-headed widow who had just asked a question, all disappeared, without even waiting for a formal leave, or rather taking 'French leave,' as the moderns have it.

Brave Vasudeva Sāstry was like a jackal in a palmyra grove familiar to the rustle of its leaves, and being the less-fair-half of the great Vir—, had the courage to remain firm in his seat; but I suspect, for my nature is such, that he shook within himself at the thunder that rolled from the labial heights of the great lady who suddenly appeared—Annammal. Whatever it be, he had the philosophic calmness to keep firm to his seat and even ventured to speak.

'My dear,' he said, 'there was once a cat that was living in a house; the old woman of that house, in her attempt to kick down the cat, fell down herself and lost one of her eyes, striking against a wicked stick: thenceforth the cat became responsible for all the mishaps in the house, not merely for the milk spilt by herself and the butter-milk swallowed by her cunning daughter, but also for more serious things, the death of her grand-grand son, &c., &c. If she wished her daughter-in-law in one of her pleasant moods to loose her *thāli* (the ornament tied round the neck of the wife as a sign of marriage by the husband), or her husband, she would invoke, not Ganesa or Iswara, but the dear white cat, which learnt that whenever there was noise in the house, it would be in its favor for it would be feasted with milk and rice that day. And, fortunately, as there was no dearth of quarrels in the house—sweet exchanges of loving words—milk and rice became the usual diet medically prescribed by the kind old lady for the white cat; and it gradually ascended to the rank of a domestic *lar*.'

The humour had an odd effect upon our gentle Annammal, and she, missing the point of comparison, thought that her lover wanted to identify her with that blind old grandmother, and replied, raising the key of her voice a little (Vasudeva Sāstry was afraid for the safety of his tottering roof), 'I am neither blind nor old, you may become blind one of these days, indeed the cursed Vedanta has already blinded you in both eyes, otherwise you would see how ill your son-in-law is at Dindigul.' This only excited

the philosophic humour of our Sāstry—Socrates was only pleased with his kind wife for showering upon him and also upon his companions, pots of some unnamable things after a huge thunder accompanied with proportionate lightning—and our hero with all a hero's courage replied, "Even if I were blessed with two thousand eyes like Bhadrakālī (a terror-inspiring female deity with two thousand eyes and one thousand noses), I would not be able to see from here my sick son-in-law at Dindigul." The Amazon's voice was raised a pitch higher; and all the surrounding neighbours shook for their safety, and came out of their houses to see what the matter was.

Poor neighbors! don't be afraid; it is nothing but a secret conversation between our friends, Vāsudeva Sāstry and his dear wife. It is false and mythological, that the Kailasa shook, and, Pārvathi voluntarily embraced her husband, when Rāvana took it upon his shoulders. I also was living at the time in the shape of a frog, as some of my theosophic friends informed me, and know better. It was because Rāvana told his secret to Mandodari, which his beautiful noseless sister Surpanaka had told him. A similar thing now happened, that is all. Annammal only secretly said that her son-in-law was in danger, and that it was untimely and purely Vedantic for Vasudeva Sāstry to talk his silly talk. No exaggeration, here I simply say what often happens to Vedantic husbands; the word Vedantic has one sense in the Upanishads, another with the missionaries, a third in the kitchen. Vasudeva Sāstry knew his wife's resources better; he wanted the manifestation of her full eloquence, and in order to call it forth, dared to reply, "If your son-in-law be really dangerous, why did you happen to come away here so soon?" This impertinence had its own effect by an accident, or by the force of the eloquence that followed, the long hair of Annammal unfolded itself.

Shame to you Orators! Ciceros, Demostheneses, living and dead, Indian and foreign, you have spoken, spoken so many times, but I never once remember having seen your hair running down in that Annammal fashion. The excited earthquake-afraid neighbors all rushed in to take care of our hero, which sympathy only exasperated the Kali more, and she gently added, "You wretches! you devils! the cursed Vedanta has not yet fallen upon your houses; and this man, and that wife of that D-e-p-u-t-y C-o-l-l-e-c-t-or and that clean-shaven widow are all talking that cursed Vedanta in my own house, and that poor son-in-law of mine is *therefore* dying." Gentlemen, now let us draw the curtain over this tremendous affair, only adding that the poor Sāstry was with difficulty rescued from the jaws of his amorous wife. It required indeed all his philosophy, and that is why he became a philosopher, to think nothing of this grand affair, but be laughing all the time.

Misfortunes however never come single; and soon after the scene, a postman came with a telegram addressed to Vasudeva Sāstry. Have you ever seriously contemplated upon the postman, reader! In the short space of one morning, do you know how much mischief he is able to work? To one he brings a marriage letter, and what partiality! to another he brings death news. In two hours' time, he makes some sons-in-law, and some others widows; some he marries to wrong wives, and some he threatens with false suits; others he troubles with indifferent letters, only wasting their time and money; and some others he disappoints, making them wait 'the dupes of tomorrow.' But however, he is impartial in one thing, he exacts an unsanctioned poll-tax from all alike, once for Dipavali, and another time whenever money order

comes. It was hot mid-day when one of these liveried officers stood at the gate of our hero; Sastry was eating within, and his exhausted companion was serving him with something. Our Sastry was a kind of indifferent man and not a muscle of his face moved, when his tremendous wife who had braved all the world, came trembling from head to foot something red in her hand, which with her two eyes she could not make out. Sastry whose humour knew no season asked her to kindly read it, she did not know what to do.

Reader! this is a religious novel, but wait, you will have enough and more of it later on, look at our Upanishads, how many stories they contain! so excuse me and wait. "They also serve who stand and wait."

Annammal, surnamed "the terrible," turned over and over the red thing, as if it scorched her hand, without knowing whether to read the black letters or the brass rings. Vasudeva Sastry encouraged her to read on. The poor woman, didn't know what to do, and took to her weapon, which you already know what. The post-man at the gate trembled and said nothing. The neighbours trembled once again, and the roof trembled once again; the gentleman at the gate who would never wait even at the "Awakened India office," waited, unable to say a word; but Vasudeva Sastry was coolly going on with his meals, saying between one mouthful and another, whether the writing was in English or Tamil: his wife got still more angry; how could she say? in what school was she educated? There were no Vizi-nagaram Schools then. One mouthful more and the angriest wife in the world was coolly directed to go to a neighbouring house, where there was an English-knowing man. To the surprise of Annammal, the terrible, the red cover was opened and torn to pieces in her own presence, but the contents were all the more alarming.

Son | in | law | dangerously | ill | start | at | once.

We do not like to describe the emotions of that gentle lady, the post-man had to wait one hour for getting the receipt, the cool Sastry inside had to wait two hours for his butter-milk, the innocent day became Yekadasi (a fasting day) to Annammal. There was terrible weeping, beating of breast, tearing of hair, till all the neighbours of this street and that, rushed in once again and comforted the uncomfortable. In the evening a whistling train all smoky and crowded took the pair to Dindigul, where they arrived on a moonlight night at 8 o'clock 5' and 10" at a big upstairs house, Vasudeva Sastry carrying a big bag on his head, leisurely followed by Annammal carrying her grief, which became very loud as she climbed up the steps of the threshold of that upstairs house.

The scene changes, it is 7 o'clock in the evening, the moon has spread her silver rays and is rejoicing in her own light. What shall we say of these sun, moon and stars? Somebody said they are 'the passionless, pitiless eyes of Heaven,' and likened them to God 'who made multitudinous slaves, whom he requites for knee-worship, prayer and praise and toil and hecatombs of broken hearts with tear and self-condemned and barren hope.' We know nothing of the former, but we know of the latter that our prayers are attended to, and that hearts apparently broken are made whole by the most wonderful of magicians. This apart, the moon was like a proud pompons girl too much delighted with her own youthful beauty to attend to the sick child of her sister-in-law; for down below, on the upstairs-floor, in the open moonlight, a big varnished cot was laid on which two or three cotton mattresses were spread assisted by a multitude of soft pillows, which nevertheless did not very much succeed in comforting a young

man that lay there. By his side was sitting a young and beautiful girl with rare intelligence beaming in her face, but her eyes filled with divinest grief, and gently pressing his weak limbs.

"I don't know," said Krishna, for that was the young man's name, "when your heavenly father would come and help me."

Lakshmi:—"It is not yet time, my dear," trembling a little as she looked into the pale face of her beloved, "it is not yet time, they will be here within one hour, my father will not stay even a single minute after having seen the melancholy telegram."

Krishna:—"I am fast dying. My mind wanders, my limbs fail, my dear! I do not know if I could see once again that divinest of faces before I die."

Lakshmi, poor Lakshmi looked one second at her lord and saw that the face of death had come upon the beautiful young man. Markandeya, even in the embrace of the Lord of Lords, Siva, lost color when Yama appeared and death had fixed his mark upon the eyes of even the Bhakta. In spite of the sacred ashes, in spite of the hands stretched round that strength of strength, and in spite of the flowers that had been heaped in the course of the pūja (all this has an inner meaning), the *kālapāsa*, the toils of death, had affected the bold lover, as his fearful melancholy eyes spoke out. Lakshmi noticed the dead expression of the waning moon of morn in her lover's face, and trembled from head to foot; but checking her tears that started forth like pearls in her eyes, she said, "God that has brought us together to our mutual benefit—we have loved as no lovers ever loved, my lord!—will not desert us, whatever might happen, I can do no higher penance," wiping her eyes which could no longer resist weeping, "than thinking of the love that you bore to me, that silently made me what I am; your love, my lord, was my treasure, my joy, my life, my learning, my religion, and the Vedas that saved me. I can never forget the moments which we have spent under this cold moon, when you talked to me of God and high things relating to my soul, which strengthened the training my father gave me in early youth. Remember the Lord of whom you spoke to me so much, and whom you made me really love; think now of Him, my dear! as Srikrishna, as Rama, as Nataraja or as Viaveswara. Nothing is dearer to you than this one moment of life, my lord!"

Krishna:—"Yes, my love; but before that, I should be with thee once again as lover and love, to enjoy the roses of thy cheeks and the lotus of thy eyes."

Lakshmi:—"My lord! my lord! Nothing would give me greater pleasure than obey your bidding; but you should not, my lord! my love, let your mind wander over such silly little things now. If my cheeks were roses and eyes lotuses, would not they give me pleasure? My lord, I have enjoyed the lotus, as I enjoyed no other flowers; and the roses were as sweet to me as honey. But these poor eyes that have seen you helpless and miserable, these cheeks that have served only to grind my food, when you were fasting, do they not deserve to be plucked out, my lord? What is there in these eyes, and what is there in these cheeks? Look at the blue of the sky vaster than the ocean, and as calm as the Lord of Lords whom we have learned to love; look at that silvery moon shedding her flood of silent music and rich ambrosia and boundless love, and remember the Lord that made them all. Oh how calm that moon in spite of our selfish troubles, heedless of our low cares."

(To be Continued).